Record and Chronicle

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THE HOSPITAL FOR SPECIAL SURGERY

for Dispensing the Family Gossip to our Members with the Armed Forces

Volume III March 1, 1944 Number 5

Well here's our new masthead. We run off so many issues of the Record & Chronicle each month, 650 in fact, that we are now having the masthead printed to save the time of Mrs. Fischer and stencils, for with this number, the stencil has to be too frequently redrawn.

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Dr. Ramsay Spillman contributes the feature article for this issue, which might be very well entitled "Fun in Bed".

"The associate roentgenologist, R. Spillman, will do a piece for the paper, on account he is at the moment (2/21/44) house-bound and has some free time. In a paper primarily for the dottori of the armed forces all over the globe, an account of a superannuated civilian's pneumonia may be thin soup. Anyway, and to lapse in the first person, it was educational and impressive to experience the contrast between a 1944 model pneumonia and the kind we used to see in my student days almost 30 years ago; because they were something, and I was hardly sick at all.

On February 11th the day of the big snow, I felt chilly and by 9:30 I was shaking; still not feeling badly; but my secretary and Leo, my technician, saw something was wrong with me, and I had my own suspicion that I had pneumonia. There has been a lot of virus pn. around; so they got my friend, neighbor, and colleague, Dr. Martin deForest Smith down from the 8th floor of the building. He got things going to take me to Presbyterian Hospital. "Are we going up in your car?" sez I. "No, for two reasons," sez he. "My car is in the shop, and you are going flat on your back in an ambulance." "I feel well enough, could I go in a taxi?" sez I. "You're merely the patient," sez he. "You're going in an ambulance". So it turned out I went in an ambulance; carried out on a stretcher through the lobby of my own office building. I was happy in Room 14; I had no telephone. I lay there so relaxed in body and mind, and watched the big snow flakes fluttering down. Somebody brought me a bottle (to type your sputum); no trouble at all to produce a specimen; sticking right there to the wall of my trachea. Somebody else brought me another bottle (for another specimen) no trouble at all there either. Somebody else came for a blood count. Later in the afternoon, Martin Smith, who had other patients in the house, came back. "You have 27,000 whites," sez he. "This is a pneumococcus and not a virus; I'll have you well in 24 hours with sulpha." And by golly, he did; the temperature dropped abruptly from 103 to normal and the white count a couple of days later was 12,000. But for the first three days I was there, most of the time there were falling snowflakes to watch; I was perfectly content to lie and look at them without further entertainment.

I was in P.H. for eight days and for about the first 5 days the food had a curious brown taste that disappeared when the sulphadiazene was cut. But aside from that, the drug had no recognizable detrimental effect. They give it with a good deal of sod. bicarb. My bug was type 25. Friends tell me that the higher numbers are the less virulent. I remember that the first night I sweat till I had

to have two changes of shirt, and the second night I had to have one change of both garments; after that, no more sweating beyond the ordinary. With a relatively low virulence of bug, with an A-1 doctor who knew how to use a potent drug, and with super-duper nursing, I certainly did all right. Frank Sullivan once wrote "I want to call on Margalo Gilmore. I like to call on Margalo Gilmore. She promotes metabolism." And so do all the P.H. nurses whom I had. They are a hand-picked group, selected from a big excess of applicants. I know but little Spanish, but I know that they have a word "simpatica" that is only inadequately translated as "Sympathetic". The word applies to these girls in a big way. I remarked to Martin Smith about the second day I was there, "These girls are all so young; they are all so sweet; they all radiate such kindness." He didn't mark me down as irrational for that observation; he interned at P.H. himself, and he married one.

I can put in a good word for the P.H. orderlies. The regular ones did their job very well, and I am grateful for their good offices. As a contribution to the war effort, some men of affairs are working as volunteer orderlies, and one has to be a patient to appreciate how great their service is. We had several of outstanding personality. The one I saw the most of, and who made the deepest impression on me, is a dynamic Englishman, C. G. Montford, who was a major in World War I and whose regular job is movie scenario author. Among other productions, he did the scenario for Lon Chaney's The Hunchback of Notre Dame, which many of us remember. He and his wife built a home in Dover, England, and furnished it with antiques from all over the world. A bomb put an end to the house, antiques, and all; now he and his wife are here in New York, with no worldly possessions, but perfectly happy, and after I was up and around the ward and saw him busier than the proverbial one-armed paper-hanger with the prickly heat, I said "Major, I marvel at the amount of attention you gave me, when I see how much ground you cover."

Inasmuch as I was carried out on a stretcher, the word doubtless got around that I was practically dying, and so many friends were solicitous far beyond the merits of the case. There I was leading the life of Riley, and people were phoning to see how I was, and calling at the hospital in person (welcome visitors, too!) and sending me flowers, and books, and fruit, and candy, and cards, and letters. If you have any time to read, and have access to any of the following, I recommend them: John Hersey"s "A Bell for Adano"; Gene Fowler's "Good Night, Sweet Prince", a lusty biography of John Barrymore, that I'm glad got thrust at me, because otherwise I'd have missed it, and it's a knock-out; and Corp. St. George's "C/o Postmaster", a riotous account of army life in Australia.

Saturday, Feb. 19, I was discharged to my home, and my fellow-Roentgenologist Bill Snow took me home in his car. In these days of rationing, greater love hath no man than this. I feel that I didn't have an illness, but a vacation. I needed one, but so do those who took the gaff for me while I was out. I had a fine rest, physically and mentally, and they are going to let me go back to work about three days hence, total time out, two weeks. To you overseas and here whom I know, greetings; may the fortunes of war be kind to you, and may we all resume where we left off. My infinite thanks to all who have been so kind to me.

Ramsay Spillman, M.D.

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MORE FUN IN BED

Dr. Lewis Clark Wagner has been running a racket on the side collecting precious stones. On February 6th, he was admitted to St. Luke's Hospital and Dr.

Henry Bugbee relieved him of these stones which he had hidden in his kidney. As we go to press, the report is that he has had a smooth convalescence, no temperature, and his conduct has been good. We also hear that although he is up and around, Mag still has three nurses in attendance and is not yet strong enough to feed himself.

Miss Josephine Guariglia has received a letter from Capt. Burstein. He writes, "My work here is quite interesting and in addition to my work at the hospital I also do a lot of didactic teaching in various other places, attend meetings, write articles".

Lt. Bob Bachmeyer has recently been transferred from Ft. Hayes, Columbus, Ohio, to the Crile General Hospital at Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. Bachmeyer and daughter Susan have moved along with him and Bob's home address is 6104 Ridge Rd. Parma, Ohio.

Dr. Hansson has received a letter from 2nd Lt. Verona Hardy, former physiotherapist, dated January 27th. She writes from somewhere in Italy, "Miss Dunlop is a little busy these days so I decided to write to you to bring you up to date. Since Miss Dunlop has become a First Lieutenant, we let her do all the dirty work to earn her 41$ per month raise." In mentioning about her life in tents, she writes, "The day started like any other day but about eight o'clock, it began to rain and when I returned to D5 about ten in the morning I found Miss Dunlop on one cot and another one of our four on the other. The water was racing under them and around them - but not dismayed, the two of them were giving forth on the well known song, 'River Stay Away From My Door'. It was a sight and in spite of everything, I started laughing and with me everyone for several tents around. Quite a life! As a matter of fact I have now dug out my African campaign ribbon and wear it with a feeling of having earned it". She tells about her trip across the Mediterranean from Africa under a full moon, misuc every night on deck, lights going full blast and that it seemed like a vacation cruise. She continued, "We arrived and were brought to this apartment house that had been taken over by our government. There were still several Italian Families living here but they too are now gone. The building is in pretty good shape with only a few holes in the roof, no heat, hot water or windows. However, since we arrived, we have managed to correct a few of these faults. The type of patient is entirely different. Backs, back and more backs. I never realized there are so many ways to hurt a back. Anything from being chased off a cliff by a German to falling down while carrying cases of ammunition. It certainly won't be as interesting work but we should learn a great deal. Air Raids have now become such a part of our life that I sleep right through them. The first couple of times we watched the ack ack which lights the sky up better than any Fourth of July - now it's an old story." She sends her best regards to everyone at R. & C.

Dr. Frederick Summerill, an Orthopaedic Resident in 1921, is now Director of Laboratories at Highland Hospital, Rochester 7, N.Y.

No one has seen or heard from Frank Carr recently, including Dr. Colonna who visited us last Saturday and who expected to see him in Philadelphia, so we assume that Frank has gone to see.

An A.P.O. address has been received for Capt. Charles F. Kincheloe. His address is 0-502665, 68th General Hospital, A.P.O. 9648, % Postmaster, New York City.

Major Arthur Thibodeau, recently appointed Chief of the Orthopaedic Service of Cushing General Hospital, Framingham, Mass. received his overseas orders around the middle of January. His address is: 0-464505, 107th Evacuation Hospital (SM), A.P.O. 9609, % Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

Lt. Walter C. Graham stationed at the Valley Forge General Hospital, Phoenixville, Pa. was promoted in the middle of January to Captain. The Record & Chronicle congratulates Capt. Graham on his promotion.

Rich Stephens and K. G. Hansson are still carrying on the card game in the Residents' Quarters after lunch. They are playing a modified type of double solitaire but are using a deck of dirty, dog-eared, pre-war playing cards. Our readers have responded so well to the appeal for pocket knives for the Crew of PC 1206 that it has occurred to the Editor that maybe some one of our readers would like to send K. G. and Rich a new deck of playing cards.

Dr. David Gillespie has contributed a knife to the crew. The score now stands at 43.

The entire hospital personnel have responded most wholeheartedly to the purchase of War Bonds during the Fourth War Loan Drive. War Bonds purchased outright were as follows: 50 of the hospital personnel purchased $2,381.25 worth of War Bonds, 9 doctors purchased $2,888.75 worth, 3 members of the Board of Managers purchased $4,250. worth, and 2 members of the Women's Auxiliary $225. worth. This totals $9,725. at the purchase price of the Bonds. We sincerely hope that before the drive is over which is March 1st, that we will be able to bring this up to an even $10,000. or more. March 1st starts the annual campaign for the American Red Cross. We hope to be able to report to you in a later issue that the hospital personnel and the Attending Staff have also done a good job in this campaign too.

Under the auspices of the Orthopaedic Committee of the Canadian National Research Council, an International Conference on amputations and artificial limbs was held in Ottawa on February 14th & 15th, and in Toronto on February 16th & 17th. Great Britain, United Socialist Soviet Republics, Netherlands, Norway, Australia, Canada, and the United States were represented. Drs. Philip D. Wilson and George Bennett were among those who represented the U. S. Research Council and Lt. Col. T. Campbell Thompson was among those who represented the U. S. Army. Among the topics discussed at Ottowa were: 1. Amputations in the Field, 2. Post-operative Management of Guillotine Amputations, 3. Preparation of the Stump for the Prothesis, 4. Merits of Certain Types of Amputations, 5. Rehabilitation of Amputee, 6. Techniques of Amputations. At Toronto, the representatives visited the Ministry of Pensions Hospital and its artificial limb factory. It was reported that it was a very interesting meeting and that it is hoped that the results of the conference will offer considerable towards the rehabilitation of the amputees returning to civilian life.

Dr. & Mrs. P. D. Wilson are spending a ten day holiday in New Orleans.

The Editor has received a letter from Miss Frances Engeman, former Social Service worker, whose address is AFD, A.R.C., 81st Station Hospital, A.P.O. 763, % Postmaster, New York City, dated February 6th. She writes, "Just a note to thank you and everyone for the fine Christmas Card you sent. I got a big thrill from getting it and I am sure the others did too. The only R. & C. person I have seen was Dr. Lynn who is with a unit not far from us. Your address sheet now informs me that Florence Winter is within seeing distance so I hope to go over and see her as soon as I can wangle a ride. I wish I could write you fully about the thrill of seeing a good size, nicely working hospital spring up and go to work in a short time". She promises to write Mrs. Dorvend a letter giving more in detail the working of the Red Cross, so we hope to report further about the work of Miss Engeman in a later issue. She sends her very best regards to all her friends at 321.

We have had no direct news from Miss Simone Mercil, former O. R. Nurse who joined the Army Nurses' Corps, but from reports, we are led to believe that she is with the former Bellevue Unit which should place her in the same unit with Major Ross McCarty. Therefore, her A.P.O. number should be 9060, % Postmaster, New York City.

DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU READ IN THE PAPERS, EVEN THE RECORD & CHRONICLE

In the last issue of the Record & Chronicle, the Editor mentioned the splendid work of the Volunteers in the Patients' Library, but the figures he gave for the year were only for the month of December 1943. He is very glad to make a correction in this issue as the figures are really quite staggering. 8,949 books and magazines were circulated to 3,567 adult patients and 2,375 children; 2,459 books and magazines were loaned to 1,737 staff members and employees; by Mrs. Bethuel Webster, Chairman, and her assistants, Mrs. Ernest Osborne, Vice-chairman, Mrs. Charles Symington, Mrs. Felix Edmunds, Mrs. William Canby, and Mrs. George Nicely.

At the Annual Meeting of the New York Society for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled held at the hospital on Thursday, February 17, 1944, the following resolution was spread upon the minutes:

> "On motion duly made and carried, it was resolved that the members of the New York Society for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled desire to express to the Director, the members of the Staff, the entire personnel of all departments, and to the Volunteers, their deep appreciation for their devotion to the hospital which has contributed so materially to its successful operation during the past year".

We are greatly grieved to learn of the sudden death of Dr. R. Garfield Snyder, most affectionately known as Pop, on February 25th, while on a holiday at Palm Beach, Florida.

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